

Who's the Best Mom in Hawkins? by [os.frontale](#)

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Summary: Steve Harrington is definitely Mom of the Year 1984. This story is a collection of his adventures with every member of The Party separately. Warning: it will melt your heart!

Who's the Best Mom in Hawkins?

Hey everyone. Since season 3 is ages away (175 days from days I uploaded this), I decided to write my own little fanfiction. It's about our favorite mom ever: Steve Harrington. This story will be collection of Steve's adventures as the babysitter of The Party. Every chapter is about different member so, if everything goes by plan, this story will have 6 chapters. Also, I'd like to apologize for any kind of mistakes, I am not native English speaker, so if you come across them, please help me to fix them. Without further explanation, enjoy the story. Xo

-A

If someone told Steve Harrington that he will change his weekend plans from parties till dawn to babysitting, he wouldn't believe it. But now, 3 months after closing the gate and saving Hawkins, and the rest of the world possibly, he was the first choice when it comes to who to call when the kids have to stay alone.

It was a quiet Friday night and Steve was sprawled on his bed, finishing college applications while listening to the mixtape Dustin gave to him for Christmas. After the events in November, the kids and Steve built a strong friendship (something Steve wouldn't admit out loud) and whenever they needed some advice or help, he was their first option to call.

That was the case this night, too. Around eight o'clock his mother called from downstairs.

"Steve! Karen Wheeler is on the phone, she says she needs to talk to you!"

Steve quickly jumped from his bed and ran downstairs, taking the phone from mother's hand.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wheeler. How can I help you?"

"Hey Steve. Sorry for bothering you, but I was wondering if you could come over tomorrow to watch over Mike. Nancy is off to college tour

and Ted and I are visiting his aunt in Munster."

Steve pretended to think about it, even though he already knew the answer. After Billy taking over the school and fight with Tommy and Carol, he wasn't the favorite person in the school. That came with fewer party invitations and fewer people to hang out.

"No problem. When should I come over?"

"You are such a life saver. No wonder kids love you so much. 12 should be fine. It's Saturday so Mike will probably sleep in. Thank you again, I'll pay you for this."

Steve's heart beamed with pride when she mentioned kids. If someone finds out how much he loves the "dipshits" as he calls them, they would tease him till his death.

"Don't worry about it. Just tell Mike before. Last time he almost got a heart attack when he saw me coming from the bathroom."

"I will. Thank you, again. I'll leave money for food on the counter and the rest you already know. Bye Steve."

With this Steve finished the conversation with the mother of his ex-girlfriend and one of his current best friends. Steve was surprised how age gap between seemed to be forgotten when they hang out.

"You are spending a lot of time with kids these days, Steve. Maybe you should focus more on your studying and getting into college."

Steve's mom wasn't very fond of her son's role of babysitter. In her opinion, kids distracted him too much and distraction is the last thing every high school senior needs.

"Those kids are my *friends*, mom. And since when do you care with who I am these days. You didn't care for last 17 and a half years, so don't bother now."

Young boy stormed upstairs, not waiting for his mother's answer. She would probably cut his allowance after this, but he didn't care. She wasn't there to care for her whole life, he didn't need her now. It was too late.

Saturday morning, 11 am

Instead of going by car, Steve decided to take the walk to the Wheeler's. This allowed him to leave the house earlier and enjoy some peace he desperately needed after the fight from the previous night. It was freezing cold, snow was almost a foot deep and there was no living soul seen outside beside him.

Walking carefully, making sure he don't break legs or arms, he arrived around 11.45am in front of Mike's house. House was quiet, there were no sounds coming from the TV so he assumed Mike was still sleeping. Cleaning shoes from excessive snow, he went inside and in a matter of seconds, he was comfortably sprawled on the couch, with a TV remote in his hands.

Deciding to go for an episode of M*A*S*H, the young boy dropped the remote and watched the episode with half-interest. His mind wandered back to Nancy. Nancy whose house he was in. Nancy who broke his heart in two. Nancy who was now happy with Jonathan, completely over Steve. They were still friends, that was unavoidable. It's kinda hard to avoid someone who is always with your brother and his gang around. So instead on hating each other, they decided to keep things clean between them. That meant they still could hang out, as friends, and that he is always welcome to join her and Jonathan in school during breaks. Steve decided to keep his distance, hoping his feelings would go away if they interact as less as possible. So far, that didn't go well.

He was so engrossed in his own thoughts that he didn't hear footsteps approaching him. Mike came down with obvious signs of sleep and slumped next to Steve at the couch.

"Hey Steve, what's up?"

"Hey Mikey. So far nothing. You are really an early bird." Steve joked.

Mike yawned loudly. "I went to sleep really late last night."

Steve raised his eyebrows, smirking. "Does that have any connections with the certain young girl who has superpowers and who saved our asses, like, twice now?"

" .It's just, every time I am there, at the cabin, Hopper is breathing behind our necks and we can't talk about anything properly."

"And what would you two talk about that Chief should not know?"
The older boy teased the younger.

"Nothing *like that*. It just, not comfortable, you know?"

"Sadly, I know. But hey, it's either that or not seeing each other at all.
So be a man or go home. Literally."

"You are right. They are planning on moving closer to the town by the end of the month. Chief already found a house for them, it's few streets down, same street as Dustin's."

"I bet you'd switch places with Dustin now."

The retort was left unanswered because the phone interrupted them. Mike rose quickly and picked it up. It was Karen, checking on them.

"Yes mom, Steve is here. No, I just woke up. Yes, we will order it. No, you don't have to. Don't worry, mom Steve is going to help me."

The last one caught Steve's attention and he shot the death glare to the young boy on the phone. He mouthed him three words: *You're dead!* Mike ignored him and continued to assure his mother everything is okay. After what seemed an eternity and it was only 2 minutes, Karen hung up.

"I swear to God, if any other of you shitheads ever call me mom, I will never hang out with you."

"Steve, you know we are your best friends now. So choose us or lonely Saturdays with your mom."

Mike was right, they were his best friends now and no matter how much they annoyed him with all mom thing, they were pretty awesome. Who thought a bunch of young teenagers could get through so much and yet, still be capable of having fun whenever possible.

"Enough with that. Let's eat. I thought to save that money for dinner

and for now, I will make us something quickly."

"You know how to cook?" Mike asked surprisingly.

"I know a lot of things, Wheeler, don't look so surprised."

The truth was that after seeing that he is designated babysitter-mom now, Steve decided to pick up some cooking books from the store and tried easy breakfasts at home, when no one was around. So far he was able to prepare eggs, toast, waffles, and pancakes and he intended on expanding the menu.

After twenty minutes, two boys were seated on the table, each with a plate of omelet in front of them and glass of orange juice. To be honest, Mike was skeptical about eating it but after seeing the expecting look on Steve's face he dug in. Much to his surprise, breakfast was almost good as his mothers and in order to thank Steve, he did the dishes while Steve was looking for something to watch on TV.

Mike joined to him a few minutes later, his shirt stained with water from dishes. Steve decided to settle on Family Feud and two of them prepared to participate in the quiz from this side of the screen.

"Steve, I need, um, advice on something," Mike asked as the light blush crept on his cheeks and neck. It was almost February and he couldn't avoid all Valentine's day talk everywhere he went: from his sister to the girls in school. The Party already started teasing him about El and all he could do was to get rid of them with not-so-nice vocabulary.

"Yeah, what?" Steve answered, not even moving eyes from the screen, probably thinking about his answer on question "Why would someone wake up at 2 am?".

"You know how Valentine's Day is coming, and I was thinking of, um, a surprise for El."

This made Steve move his gaze from TV to now all red-faced Mike.

"Oooh, this might be interesting. And how exactly you plan on removing Chief from your necks?"

"That is something I hoped you'd help me."

"Hey, if you think I will go out there, beat someone so Chief can interrogate me while you are on your little date, then you are crazier than I thought."

"That is not what I exactly planned. I hoped you would talk to him, tell him how good kids we are and all, so he'd let us alone for some time."

Steve looked at him like he just stated that Earth is a cube. "Let me get this straight: you want *me* to go to *Chief Jim Hopper* to vouch for your innocence so you could take his daughter on a date? Are you guys trying to kill me or what?"

At this point, Mike literally begged. "Please, Steve. You are my last hope and you already know he will rather accept your proposal than mine."

"Ugh, fine! But if I die, you will find my will in the shoebox under the bed. Tell Dustin he is not allowed to pass my hair secret to anyone else or I will haunt him till he dies and joins me in eternal sorrow."

"You know you're the coolest, right?"

"Ahhh, what mother wouldn't do for the happiness of her children." Steve dramatically added while putting his left hand around Mike's shoulder.